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*THE CITY OF  
TOIL AND DREAMS*

*VERSE*

*BY*

*WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.*











# *THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS*

*VERSE*

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*WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.*

*AUTHOR OF "TIDES OF COMMERCE"*



**The Knickerbocker Press**

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*This Book is Dedicated*  
*to*  
*My Father and Mother*



“The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.”



## PREFACE

MOST of the verses in this volume were written while the author was at school and college, some having been originally published in the *Vindex* of St. Mark's school, during the years 1910-1912, and others in the *Harvard Advocate* from 1913 to 1916. The date at the end of each poem indicates the year when it was written.

The first edition of this book was published in 1916. In the present edition there are several new poems.

*Tides of Commerce*, by the same author, contains additional verses written while at school and college.

The writer wishes to thank those friends who have helped him by their criticisms, comments, and suggestions.

W. C. S., JR.



# The City of Toil and Dreams

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## INTRODUCTION—1912

The cities of the world, with their intense concentration of active human life, offer the greatest field for the study and improvement of mankind.

In the past, living conditions in cities have been unwholesome and unsanitary beyond description. At certain times plagues swept away life from whole city blocks and entire urban districts, and even during the most favorable seasons the mortality was high. But as the centuries passed, cities began to improve; and gradually a decided spirit of awakened civic interest commenced to make itself felt. Men began to see clearly, and they realized that things not only could, but must, be improved, and as a

result the living conditions in tenement districts were bettered; provision was made for more parks and playgrounds, public schools were remodeled, employment offices opened, and, in short, a whole series of active and useful alterations were commenced.

Although conditions have been considerably bettered, the good work is by no means finished. In fact, it has only just begun, for in countless homes of the poorer quarters of the city, poverty, disease, degeneracy, and wretchedness still hold their pitiless sway. Innumerable indeed are the unrecorded "legions of the damned."

One thing, however, is encouraging: the tide has already turned and the cities are slowly becoming better. Nor should it be thought that cities are necessarily harmful to health. Cities are a natural economic development, and when properly planned and managed are certain to make wholesome, comfortable, and attractive places in which to live. Moreover, cities are capable of contributing marked benefits upon humanity which can be secured in no other way. The concentration of the many varied interests in cities makes it possible for the individual to obtain knowledge of any subject or group of



subjects in a way which would be absolutely impossible outside of a city. Whether his interest be painting, music, architecture, writing, medicine, law, engineering, or any other line of activity, the individual will find in the cities the most abundant opportunities for the study of his field of interest—among a host of kindred people who are specializing in the same subject, and in addition will find a large number of critics and masters who are the guiding spirits in their particular line.

And so it is with every one and with each field of interest. The city is the means—and the only means—of giving to humanity certain privileges and blessings which go far towards ennobling and enriching mankind—by extending the individual's sphere of life and by giving him the opportunity for the realization of his dreams.

In order to secure to the fullest extent the benefits which a municipality is capable of giving, the city must not only be clean and wholesome, but also beautiful. The importance of this has gradually come to be realized. Civic and landscape architects are planning for the remodeling and beautifying of streets and avenues on an extended scale, while drawings are

being made for the development of civic centers to be surrounded by groups of public buildings of harmonious architecture. The city planners provide, moreover, that avenues and boulevards shall be further improved and interconnected in such a way that the whole vast scattered system may at last become welded into one attractive and harmonious unit.

Along with the architectural improvement there must be the steady development of the intellectual, physical, and moral character of the people, for only with a strong and sturdy moral fiber in its men and women can the material development of the city fulfill its highest purpose. The physical perfection of the city would then become a symbol of the lives of its inhabitants.

Such, then, is the dream of the Builders, and slowly—so slowly—but nevertheless surely, that dream is being realized. A seemingly limitless amount of work has yet to be done; but time and determination will conquer all things in the end. Already the signs of the awakening are at hand. Each department of every city seems to be catching at least some gleam of the dawn, and not only the vast commercial stores and office

buildings of the cities but even the great railroad terminals are being built with a view to architectural beauty as well as to efficient service.

Looking at the panorama of a great city of the present day, and striving to comprehend the industry and power for which it stands, with its glorious, pulsing, active life, its continual work of reconstruction and betterment, and its granite buildings and towers reared against the sky, there comes a vision of that city in the future—a new and reawakened city, a greater and infinitely better city—the city that is to be.

If this little book succeeds in creating a greater interest in civic problems, and an added appreciation of the pathos, romance, and beauty to be found in every city, it will have accomplished the purpose for which it was written.

*1912.*

W. C. S., JR.

P. S. September 25, 1915. The European War has now continued for more than a year. The world can appreciate better than ever what unparalleled and gruesome carnage war with present-day weapons involves, and can perhaps foresee what future international combat would

be with mechanical inventions as yet undreamed of but certain to be developed. Just as past ages could not clearly imagine the present machinery of war, we can only dimly guess at the wholesale weapons of destruction which future ages could perfect and apply. We can understand to-day how great are the losses of war—ethnically, eugenically, and financially. Some of war's losses, however, we cannot count. The misery and agony of the wounded soldiers can never be tabulated on paper, nor can statistics record the wretchedness and anguish of the bereaved families at home. Moreover, no figures can ever tell us of the loss to the world from the death on the battlefield of scientists, painters, musicians, sculptors, writers, teachers, and all that host of able and conscientious men whose lives, had they been spared, would have enriched and ennobled mankind.

Try to imagine the feelings of such men—who at the outbreak of the war, in obedience to their sense of honor, volunteer—leaving their homes and families and their life's work, to which in their prayers they had dedicated their all—forced by circumstances to kill other such men as they, who, like them, had striven to uplift the world

by their efforts, and whose only reason for being killed was that they happened to be on the "other side."

No—the world must not permit war to continue. It has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

The spirit of combat when properly curbed and sensibly utilized is a blessing to all individuals, and must hereafter be developed and given abundant opportunity to find expression in universally practiced and vigorous athletics—but not in international war.

An International Police Force of the armies and navies of the great nations of the world must be developed to uphold and make effective by force, when needed, the decisions of an International Court (such as The Hague Tribunal) and thus secure the peace of the world. This plan, which has been suggested by various individuals and has recently been much discussed by newspapers and magazines, seems to be the most sensible and effective yet proposed. When all countries came to recognize the sanctity of the International Court's decrees, the police forces of the world powers could be very considerably reduced in size.

As a preliminary step towards the creation of an International Police Force, a practical and effective plan is being developed which has for its object the establishment among the World Powers of a "League, to Enforce Peace." All the great nations of the earth would be signatories to this League, and would agree to have recourse to a Court of Arbitration for deciding all justiciable questions and a Council of Conciliation for all such as were non-justiciable, before adopting any hostile measures. The League would further provide that any nation which should fail to abide by the terms of the agreement would be debarred from economic opportunities, privileges, and trade rights with the rest of the League, and should this measure fail, the League would use its combined armies and navies to enforce submission to its laws.

Until the International Police Force is developed it is necessary and right for each nation to arm itself to a reasonable degree for the purpose of protecting itself against foreign invasion. Ultra-pacifist and "peace at any price" policies are as dangerous as they are unsound. The military and naval forces which are developed should be maintained, however, solely for de-



fense—and not for the purpose of invading foreign soil except as might be necessary in order to fulfill the police duties of the League to Enforce Peace. And at the same time that a nation prepares itself with reasonable and adequate military and naval armaments for defense, it should strive without ceasing for the establishment of a permanent International Police Force into which its own army and navy, along with the armies and navies of all other nations, would eventually be merged. But while a nation is adopting reasonable armaments for defense it must not neglect the most important object to be achieved—namely: the education of the people in the interests of International Conciliation. Justice, common sense, and righteousness among the nations will then be based upon the surest foundation—the knowledge and will of the people.

A question of vital importance is, how soon can permanent international peace be established? But before this is to be positively accomplished, great and perplexing problems await the present and coming generations. Old traditions are hard to break; old national jealousies will for a long time smoulder. The world needs

new empire builders for old. Statesmen must arise who will look with justice and kindness beyond the borders of their own countries, knowing and understanding the universal brotherhood of man. And in that day, the cities of the world will come into their own. Men will not destroy them with siege-gun, fire, and sword.

To-day the path of the armies of war is strewn with desolation and death. Broken wagons and artillery pieces lie scattered over the plains, along with the battered bodies of the wrecks that once were men. The smoke of burning homes and cities, drifts far up into the weird gray heavens, and, as night comes on, the burning towns and cities cast their strange red light against the lonely skies.

But To-morrow all will be changed. When that To-morrow of International Peace does come, men will no longer blindly destroy what has been so carefully upbuilded. In the fields there will be a different harvest and in the cities there will be a brighter dawn.



## A CREED OF THE HARBOR

I believe in you, great harbor,  
And great city;  
I believe in your courage,  
Your toil,  
And your dreams.  
Slowly but surely from the city of Yesterday and  
    To-day  
You are building a new and infinitely wonderful  
City of To-morrow.  
I was born at your gates  
And have watched and loved you  
Through the years:  
Your ships and docks, your towering buildings,  
    your streets black with humanity;  
I have watched the intense and ceaseless struggle  
Within your soul,  
The passionate striving of the forces of good and  
    evil.  
I believe that you shall be victorious, great har-  
    bor and city.

I believe in your To-morrow.  
Yet there are many who have hated you  
And feared you  
And cursed you.  
Cursed you for your power and pride,  
Cursed you for your merciless crushing of their  
    bodies and their souls.  
Seeing only the driftwood and the refuse  
Floating beside some old, uncared-for wooden  
    dock,  
Not seeing  
Your clean, new granite docks and piers—  
Heedless of your white stone towers  
Against the summer skies,  
Neglecting to see the  
Taintless tide come rolling in to your distant,  
    sandy beaches.  
Your problems I have studied  
And striven to aid in their solution ;  
I know your dingy and  
Mournfully dilapidated tenement districts  
—The squalor and wretchedness,  
The overcrowding — dim, ill-ventilated corri-  
    dors,  
Where the single gas jet  
Flickers and flares

So fitfully and drearily,  
Casting weird shadows along the crumbling  
wall-paper of the narrow hallway.  
I have also beheld your new and splendid monu-  
ments of granite:  
Civic buildings  
Dedicated to the service of the people.  
And I have seen your great schools and other  
municipal structures  
Built worthy of the Children of To-morrow  
Whom they shall fashion and consecrate.  
I have loved you, great harbor and city,  
Your tireless energy,  
Your continual work of improvement and recon-  
struction.  
I have watched your subways and foundations  
Being built by day and night:  
Weirdly wonderful at night,  
With torches and electric lamps  
Lighting up the faces of the workmen  
And casting strange shadows  
On the structural work  
In the midst of the cavernous rock ledges  
Far, far below the street level.  
And by day I have watched your steel-girded  
sky-scrapers being built

Away up into the clouds,  
With tiny specks of workmen  
Standing or walking along narrow steel beams  
and projecting girders  
Silhouetted against the sky.  
I have seen your docks and steamers  
By day and night,  
Beloved harbor.  
I have looked out upon you and traveled upon  
your tides in the  
Dawns and in the sunsets,  
In rain and fog, in mist and snow.  
I have known you in the spring and in the fall,  
in summer and in winter,  
At high noon and by starlight and moonlight.  
I have been refreshed and rested in your parks,  
Uplifted and inspired by your energy and  
strength and patience.  
I know that in your soul there is a depth of kind-  
ness and love  
Past all believing,  
For I have seen your striving and toiling in your  
search  
For the truth  
And the light  
And the right.

I believe in you, for I know that  
Where there is a granite monument  
There also is a builder's dream.

*1915.*

## IN THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS

*City of Toil and Dreams,  
City of might and power,  
Splendor undying gleams  
Proudly each hour.  
Sorrow and sin and shame  
Often attend thee.  
Honor and praise and fame  
Millions extend thee.*

Dawn—and the shadows fade.  
From wall and excavation  
The laborer with pick and spade  
(Brawn of the nation)  
Gazes with sunlit eyes  
His tired soul uplifting  
Where in the morning skies  
Bright clouds are drifting.

Noon—in the cañon streets  
Pulses the tide so proudly,

## In the City of Toil and Dreams 17

Traffic that rolls and beats  
Steadily, loudly.  
Sullen, grim halls and marts,  
Often their star-dreams hiding,  
Yet—in their heart of hearts  
Love is abiding.

Sunset—the tired throng  
In street and square and byway  
Endlessly streams along  
Avenue, highway.—  
All to their homes go back,  
The traffic's roar increasing,  
Crowds over bridge and track  
Pass without ceasing.

Night—and the stars on high  
Twinkle their friendly greeting,  
Shadows are passing by,  
Lovers are meeting.  
Silent the moonbeams play  
Dancing and gleaming,  
Now the great city may  
Turn to its dreaming.

*Deep in thy starry night  
Sleep through each mystic hour*

## 18 In the City of Toil and Dreams

*While the moon's slanting light  
Tips roof and tower;  
In thy mortality  
Angels belove thee,  
For immortality  
Watches above thee.*

*City of Toil and Dreams,  
City of might and power,  
Splendor undying gleams  
Proudly each hour.  
Sorrow and sin and shame  
Often are near thee,  
Kindness and love and fame  
To all endear thee.*

1915.



## THE LEGIONS OF THE DAMNED

There's a host that's scattered afar and near,  
A miserable, hopeless crew,  
The poor tattered army of unemployed,  
Whose chances in life are few.  
Some call them worthless vagabonds  
And think their misery shammed,  
Some call them wrecks, while some believe  
They're the legions of the damned.

It's all very well for the rest to say  
That there's plenty of work to do,  
But, perhaps, if their luck wasn't quite so good,  
Even *they* might be derelicts too,  
Lost in the host of the unemployed  
And doomed to sink in the end;  
Drifting along to the gates of death,  
For want of a helping friend.

And the world forgets that years ago,  
Near the Mediterranean Sea,

## 20 The Legions of the Damned

A pilot saved the helpless ships  
On the waters of Galilee;  
He came to this world to seek the lost  
To care for the sick and the poor,  
And to bring the wrecks on the sea of life  
To the ports of the other shore.

But the world forgets, and they drift along,  
Derelicts, here and there,  
While the ships that pass haven't time to pause  
(For the world hasn't time to care);  
So drifting out on the sea of life  
Awash, with the rudder jammed,  
And the rocks to clear, but no pilot near,  
Go the legions of the damned.

*1910.*

## THE VISION OF HIS WORK

The mist of early morning clears away,  
And sunlight comes—along the harbor vast,  
Derrick and dock and steamer wake again;  
And buildings of the city come to view;  
Great offices that tower to the skies,  
Resplendent in the warmth and majesty  
Of golden fire—that flares across the bay  
And tips with flame a thousand window panes.  
Beyond the curving Battery's ferry-slips,  
Across the sunlit harbor there appears  
The outline of the distant westward shore.  
The day-shift dockers now come swarming in  
To wharf and yard, while steamers ring with  
work  
Of loading and unloading—blocks and spars  
Rattle and creak and groan as derricks swing.  
The salty tide with endless lapping wash  
Mutters and slips and eddies round the piles  
Of time-worn docks where ships have moored for  
years;

## 22      The Vision of His Work

And whistles of the harbor craft ring out,  
Echoing back from wall and wharf and pier,  
While far above, the white gulls cry and wheel.  
And as the wakened harbor shines and gleams  
In all the glory of the morning light,  
The Vision of His work comes sure and clear  
And leads the way, and beckons ever on,  
And says to each: "Come on, begin your work,  
However small and humble it may seem,  
Each little helps—the harvest here is great,  
Good laborers are few—begin your work."  
And from some harbor craft far up the bay  
A whistle seems to call—"Begin your Day."

*1912.*

## SNOWSTORM

(Seen from the observation gallery of a sky-scraper tower)

Over the tops of the buildings,  
Drifting, swirling snow,  
Falling far down, down,  
And losing itself in the gray-white mist of drifting flakes below.

The cañon streets are lost somewhere in the whiteness,

Little snow flurries gather and sweep along the near-by ledge of the granite coping and dizzy cornice,

And whirling far out are lost in the dim, white abyss.

For a moment the storm slackens,  
First the summits of other great buildings appear,  
Granite towers looming out of the grayness;  
Then come roofs of other lesser buildings far below;

Lastly, way, way down are seen the snow-gray  
streets

With tiny specks of people and trolleys  
Crawling slowly along.

Again the storm increases,

The streets disappear,

And soon the other giant office-buildings are  
lost to view.

The great tower trembles in the storm

As the gale roars and moans and batters

Around the corners,

And the countless snowflake squadrons

Whirling from the sullen skies above

Go pelting and flying and eddying past the great  
tower

And are lost—

Far, far, below—

In the grayness of the vague abyss.

*1915.*

TO —————

I often wonder, dear,  
If in the day,  
Or in the moonlit stillness of the night,  
When I so often wish that you were near  
To make the quiet hours glad and bright;—  
Oh, most alluring girl of dreams and play,  
Child of my hopes through all eternity,  
Perfect in all, and with a heart so true,  
I wonder, when I think and dream of you,  
If you are also thinking then of me.

*1915.*

## UNDER THE BRIDGE

Only the great, dim bridge,  
Far, very far above, and the stars  
Dreaming lazily in the warm, still night.  
Along the quiet river banks  
The sleepy buildings of the city,  
Shadowy, vague, blue-gray in the dimness.  
The lights along the bank  
Burn low;  
Here and there on the star-lit tide  
Dark moving outlines of boats,  
Drowsy toilers of the harbor  
Each with lights—white, red, and green,  
That glide beneath them in the calm languid  
water.  
The city is very tired to-night,  
Wistfully thinking of half-forgotten yesterdays  
Or yearning to-morrows.  
There is sadness and magic wonder in the moon-  
light,



A boat glides slowly under the great dim bridge,  
And the stars dream lazily in the sky  
Above the tired harbor  
As it sleeps.

*1915.*

## LINCOLN MEMORIAL

(Bronze Statue)

Gaunt—in his humble, homely, wrinkled suit,  
Rugged and grim, unswerving, resolute—  
Kindly upon the sadness of the town  
The great Emancipator gazes down.

. . . . .

But see—the sunset glow has touched the bronze,  
Lighting the homely, kindly, saddened face  
With sympathy and charity for all,  
While here and there about the monument  
Are little groups of people. Now a man,  
White-haired and halting in his feeble step,  
Comes slowly shambling near and leans upon  
His walking stick and gazes fondly up  
Into the sunlit face—seeming to feel  
An inspiration in that life so firm,  
So sad, so sympathetic—then he pauses,  
Bows his head, and hobbles on again.

A widow next approaches—with a child,  
And pointing upward to the glowing bronze  
Half whispers a few words that linger long  
Within the memory of the wondering boy.  
A careless group of idlers saunter up  
—But hush their laughter and subdue their tones,  
Standing together there in silent thought.  
And so throughout the restless, changing hours  
The tired and the weary and the sick  
Pause for a moment in their hurried course  
And then—go on with courage, hope, and  
strength  
To face the endless problems of their lives.

. . . . .

Gaunt—in his humble, homely, wrinkled suit,  
Patient and firm, unswerving, resolute—  
Kindly upon the sadness of the town  
The great Emancipator gazes down.

1913.

## THE PRICE

(Voices from the shadows of the great city)

In the glow of the early morning  
When Time stretched out before,  
And life was the life of the moment,  
And no sentinel guarded the door  
To the paths of sin and pleasure,  
We played as it pleased us most;  
Did what a thousand others  
Have done without counting the cost.  
We went where our will directed,  
Went and were not afraid—  
But now we know when the day is done  
How dear was the price we paid.

1913.

## CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

I am only a poor workman on a great Cathedral.  
But I praise the Master Builder  
That I am allowed to do my share in the building.  
Reverently I help to swing the great stone blocks  
    into their places;  
Where they shall rest  
Until the end of the world.  
And every evening at sunset,  
When the day's work is done,  
I look backward  
And see with joy that the Cathedral is growing,  
And I know  
That the work is good.

*1915.*

## EVENING CALM

When all the tumult of the day is past,  
And evening shadows move across the walls  
Of towering buildings—looming dim and vast  
From somber streets, where deeper darkness  
falls;  
There comes to me a calmness and a rest  
That stills the troubled soul and brings it  
peace  
Like the reposeful dreaming of the blest  
That after life's long journey find release.

*1916.*

## VOICES

(From the depths of the city)

Well—our story's just the same  
As the rest who've tried the game,  
For we've played our hand like other fools,—  
and lost it in the end.

We've thrown our chance away,  
And learned just what we pay;  
God—we haven't even got one honest friend.

Oh, the life beyond remaking,  
And the horror of the waking,  
When the reeling dawn creeps upward with  
its ghastly mocking light.

And we live through years of pain  
Till the shadows fall again  
And we face another hopeless, endless night.

Yes—we've lost the bygone years  
And there's little left that cheers,

For the harvest days are over when we might  
have worked and won.

So we'll stagger on, God knows,

Till the final chapters close

And the useless, endless life at last is done.

*1912.*



## THE GIFT OF THE WARRIORS

To you we now bequeath that peace

Which was not ours to know,

Freedom, security, release

From dangers of the foe.

The foreign ranks shall not again

Burnt cities trample under,

Nor shall the hosts across the plain

Sweep with their steel and thunder.

To you we give that needed rest

Which was not ours to find;

Each night you sleep serenely—blest—

At peace in heart and mind.

No longer shall the dull red glow

Flare in the smoke-dimmed heaven

Whose flaming cloud-belts weirdly show

Where countless hosts have striven.

And unto you we give that fame

Which was not ours to share:

## 36      The Gift of the Warriors

The glory of a sculptor's name,  
A writer's words of prayer.  
For we had dreamed our glorious dreams,  
Each in his field of knowing,  
But we laid them by—for war's dull gleams,  
The hope of our life foregoing.

To you we give those hours of love  
That we so early lost,  
For war had called on us to prove  
Our faith—whate'er the cost.  
The joys of home and fireside:  
A woman's soft caresses  
And children's laughter—merry-eyed,  
The love that cheers and blesses.

And unto you the dawn we give  
Which is not ours to see,  
To you and yours the right to live,  
In thought and action—free.  
To you we give the morning light  
On lake and hillside streaming,  
And flashing on the city's height  
With colors bright and gleaming.

For you the freedom and the life—  
For us an unknown grave  
After an agony of strife  
That others we might save.  
Yet we rejoice that in our pain,  
Our sacrifice and sorrow,  
We may bequeath to you our gain,  
The everlasting Morrow.

*January, 1916.*

## IN THE NAME OF THE MASTER

Blind—we kneel in darkness,  
Oh grant us of Thy sight.  
Come near us, Great Physician,  
And lead us to the light.

Deaf—we ask Thy mercy ;  
But touch each waiting ear  
That we may know the glory  
Of the truth we long to hear.

Sick—in pain and helpless,  
Through anguish none may tell;  
We long to hear the message  
That alone can make us well.

Lame—we lack the power  
To serve Thee in Thy War.  
Heal us—that we may follow  
To battle-lines afar.

Lost—we need a Captain;  
Oh grant us in our strife  
Thy wisdom, strength, and courage,  
Thy guidance in our life.

1913.

## TO YOU

(At the ages of 10, 20, 45, and 70 years.)

To you, because of your youth;  
Because of your faith and trust—  
Hold to your visions of truth:  
Dust may not build on dust.

To you, because you are strong,  
And sound of body and limb;  
On—though the toil be long,  
On—though the work be grim.

To you, who serve in the field,  
Bearing the brunt of the fight,  
Battle till wrong shall yield,  
Blaze the trail of the right.

To you, whose life has been long,  
Teach the old law—ever new:  
Bid them be clean and strong,  
Kindly and wise and true.

1913.

## SNOW

Snow,  
Falling snow  
And o'er the somber city stained and gray  
The countless flakes come drifting down below  
In silent hosts of white—serenely, slow,  
Throughout the day.

Still,  
Calm and still  
The pulsing city's sullen murmur dies,  
For now the evening hours come—until  
Only the night and snowy squadrons fill  
The winter skies.

Clean,  
Fresh and clean  
To-night the city rests in quiet sleep,  
And over all its myriad homes a sheen  
Of downy whiteness falls—a mystic scene  
Of stillness deep.

All,

One and all

The dwellings of the rich and poor are white

With Heaven's stainless snowy flakes that fall

On window ledge and chimney, roof and wall,

Throughout the night.

*1915.*



## ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Toys in a bright shop window,  
A child forlorn and chilled,  
Who stands and looks at the trains and books;  
—And a dream that is not fulfilled.

Houses of stone and granite.  
A tramp, in passing by,  
A moment waits at the iron gates;  
—And a hope that is doomed to die.

A mother and child by the fire,  
A mother and child in the street,  
A dream and a prayer, a sigh of despair,  
—And a heart that will learn defeat.

Quiet and peace in the city;  
Over the sleeping town  
The stars on high in the moonlit sky  
In pity and love look down.

*February, 1916.*

## TO A YOUNG GIRL

You did not know,  
When we were talking together last evening,  
Carelessly speaking of trivial things,  
Whiling away time—  
You did not know  
That in my heart  
I beheld you as the perfection of the creative  
    work of the Master Builder  
Who builded the Stars and the Earth  
And the Children of Immortality to inherit the  
    Earth.  
You did not see—for the light was dim—  
That once or twice tears came to my eyes,  
I, who have seen—so often—  
Other Children of Immortality  
Like unto you in soul  
But most pitifully tired and sick and helpless in  
    body,  
Imprisoned in the heat and shadows of great  
    cities.

Wherefore it was with a feeling almost akin to  
worship

That I beheld you

Who are so fresh, so undefiled, and so happy.

I shall not soon forget our little talk together  
last evening,

When we spoke of various trivial things—

Carelessly, lightheartedly.

*1915.*

## PRAYER

(Easter Eve)

Oh—to-night the city needs Thee, and a million  
    hearts are calling;  
Heed their misery and anguish—Thou who  
    knowest well their pain;  
Send abroad Thy host of workers who shall  
    change the old conditions  
Till the last great Easter morning comes to reign.

*1912.*

## HOME

Over the sands of desert lands  
Or over the waves of the sea,  
Across the sky my love thoughts fly  
On wings of eternity.  
By day or night they take their flight  
Beside you, dear, to be;  
For wherever you are, though near or far,  
Is home, dear heart, for me.

1916.

(Written November, 1916, on the s.s. *Touraine* of the French line while the author was en route for France to join the American Ambulance Field Service.)

## TRUE LOVE

Others loved as the sea might love a ship that  
passes by,

But we, we loved with a dream of love that could  
never, never die.

Others loved with a mortal love that Death and  
Time could sever,

But we, we loved with the love that lasts forever  
and forever.

*1916.*

## ABSENCE

When I am far from you  
On land or sea,  
By lake or mountainside,  
Although the skies may be the deepest blue  
And sunshine warm the valleys far and wide,  
Although the murmur of the ocean foam  
May lull the seacoast through the drowsy day,  
While sailboats on the sunlit waters roam  
And gulls above the breakers wheel and play,  
Yet in the midst of all this happiness  
And all this wealth of nature lavished here,  
How incomplete is all its graciousness  
Without you, dear.  
Perhaps it is your hat so trim and neat,  
Perhaps the gentle rustle of your dress,  
Or else your laughing eyes  
That quite complete your loveliness.  
Yet I believe that it is more than these,  
I think it is your heart so true and kind;  
So luring, yet demure and quick to please,  
Just such a heart as one might dream to find.

And therefore in my constant thoughts I hold  
The vision of your love as pure as gold,  
Symbolic of all sanctity and sacredness.  
Believe me, dear, my life and happiness  
Are not complete, although the skies are blue,  
When I am far from you.

*1916.*



## PORTRAIT

(After the fashion of Pope)

Behold her, seated there upon her throne,  
A sort of Goddess, waiting all alone.  
She knows that hosts of lovers late or soon  
Will throng about her, eager for a boon.  
Her eyes of blue, her fluffy golden hair,  
Would prove a painter's passion and despair.  
Her dainty ankle (stocking silken black),  
Would make a hasty passer-by look back.  
And who her girlish figure could behold  
Without desiring her above all gold?  
So charmingly she tossed her golden head,  
"An angel come from heaven," people said.

*1916.*

## THE DOCTOR

(With acknowledgments to the author of "Gunga  
Din")

Yes, I knew the doctor well,  
And if only I could tell

    You of his work and all he did to lessen pain,  
You'd understand the story  
Of a life that reaped no glory  
    Yet deserved the richest tribute man can gain.

Where the pulse of traffic beat  
On the overcrowded street;  
    And the city's roar and clatter filled the air;  
Where lust and crime and thirst  
Brought conditions to the worst,  
    You'd be sure to find the doctor working there.

Though the doctor too was poor,  
Yet he'd go from door to door  
    Of the "East Side" in the night and in the  
    day;

And he'd help them one and all,  
For he never failed a call,  
    Though he knew he wasn't getting any pay.

A friend of his once said:  
"It's too hopeless—they're soon dead,  
    Anyhow—just drop the place and come with  
    me";

But he answered (pointing down  
To his section of the town),  
    "That's the very place a doctor ought to be."

And now his work is done,  
And perhaps the doctor's gone  
    To a place that knows no sin, or pain, or fear;  
But it's ten to one, you know,  
That he chose to go below  
    Helping those who need him most—As he  
    did here.

1911.

## AT VERDUN

(Composed at Verdun, France, January, 1917)

Here, where the forts of grim Verdun stand guard  
    Warding a nation's destiny and life;  
Here, where the foe's advance at last is barred  
    And France is saved, in this appalling strife;  
How often do my thoughts go back to thee,  
    Beloved one, that I have known so well,  
The angel of my dreams across the sea,  
    Spirit of Love more fair than words can tell!  
Even the tumult of the cannonade  
    Seems in the wild weird night to die away  
When like a guardian angel, unafraid,  
    Thy spirit comes to greet me in the fray.  
Ah, surely then has love eternal power  
To cheer our spirits through each desperate  
    hour.

*1917.*

## THOU KNOWEST

Thou knowest that I love thee, oh my dear!  
Thou knowest how through many a youthful  
year

Before we both could truly understand,  
Even in that enchanted Children's Land,  
A certain consciousness of love to be  
Attracted each to other.

We could feel and see  
The light and hope of love's eternal fire,  
And first faint dreams of yearning and desire  
That drew me unto you, beloved heart,  
And you, dear, unto me.

*1916.*

## DRIFTWOOD OF THE SEAS

Through the channels of the city,  
Wheresoe'er the tide may please,  
Drift the legions—helpless, hopeless,  
As the driftwood of the seas.

*1911.*

## THE VERDICT

Oh tell us which is greatest: the Captain of  
Finance,

Or the toiler with his pick and bar and spade;  
The youthful happy heiress who leads the glitter-  
ing dance,

Or the other child—half fed and underpaid?

Oh tell us who is conqueror: the general on the field  
Who knows that all the nation calls him  
“friend,”

Or the invalid who battles with a foe that will  
not yield,

Yet smiles and keeps up courage to the end?

And tell us which is greatest: the men who think  
they know,

Or the unassuming, trusting little child?

“But wasn’t there an answer in the ages long  
ago,

Who was it, now, on whom the Master  
smiled?”

Oh tell us which is greatest—for the crimson  
sunset light

Descends on rich and poor, and high and low!  
“The verdict is not spoken till the ending of the  
night.”

Forgive us, Lord, for who are we to know?

*1913.*



## TO A GIRL

I miss you, little friend. I never knew  
How dear you were until we said good-bye.  
Do you remember now the somber sky,  
Sunset, and ash of roses, and gray-blue?  
Do you recall the words I spoke to you,  
And you to me? The darkening clouds on  
high  
Weirdly and coldly told of winter nigh.  
How quickly then the happy moments flew!  
And now—so many, many miles away—  
I dream of you, and you of me I know.  
How often since that well-remembered day  
Have I recalled the sunset and the glow,  
And in the land of Memory at last  
Lived once again our dream-life of the past!

1915.

## AMERICA'S MISSION

Let this be thy mission, America,  
First to make thyself  
Worthy of the noblest dreams that ever thou hast  
dreamt.

Forgetting not to learn from other lands  
Such teachings as they have to offer thee.

And then,

Thus having learned and builded,

Go thou forth;

Not with a sword, but with a scroll

And bid the backward lands,

To learn what thou in turn can'st offer them:

Liberty,

Truth,

Democracy,

The brotherhood of all the nations of the earth,

Dwelling in faith and light.

And when to thee shall come

Strangers from foreign shores,

May they behold

Thy monuments of bronze,

Thy buildings vast of granite  
Against the skies of blue,  
And seeing may they know  
That these  
Stand as the outward symbols  
Of the courage and the freedom of thy Soul.

*March, 1916.*

## HOMeward BOUND

For years I've lived afar,  
    But now the battle's won,  
The ages of toil are passed  
    And the work of my life is done.  
My home lies far away,  
    And oh, the relief from pain,  
When at the close of the day  
    I turn to mine own again!  
Turn to those long-lost paths,  
    The haunts of my early trails,  
When I lived in a world I loved,—  
    A world of tides and rails.  
Those who love their own  
    They well can understand  
My longing for my own—  
    My own belovèd land.

Though years have intervened,  
    My thoughts have been with you still.  
Each mile of the glistening rails,

Each city and river and hill  
Of the well-remembered land  
Has cheered me through my life,  
And led me ever on  
Through toil and pain and strife.

But now the night is gone  
And I'm off for my home again;  
Off for the trails I love  
And the city that soothes my pain:  
The city beside the sea  
Where the glorious harbor lies,  
With its towers of steel and stone  
That mount to the very skies.  
And every ship and train  
That I long have loved and known  
Will welcome me back again—  
When I return to mine own.

1912.

## L'ENVOI

Sleep, great city, sleep,  
The silver moon rides high,  
The tide so calm and deep  
About thy gates goes by;  
Far in the summer sky  
The myriad stars look down  
On granite tower and office wall,  
Humble dwelling and marble hall,  
The drowsy moonlight softens all,—  
Over the great gray town.

Turn to your needed rest,  
City of toil and dreams,  
High in the starlit west  
The white moon softly gleams;  
The tired city seems  
To drowse in the dim, warm night.  
On wall and housetop, high and low,  
Shadows of black, and silver glow,  
Where the slanting moonbeams fall below,  
With mystic, starry light.

Wanderer, ragged and sad,  
Lay down your head to rest;  
Maiden, radiant, glad,  
Pause in your joyous quest,  
(For the Angel of Sleep has blest  
Each one, ere they close their eyes;)  
Dancer—dream of your love at the ball.  
Wanderer—dream of a marble hall,  
For in sleep you are equal, one and all,  
By the glow of the star-dim skies.

Sleep, great city, sleep,  
The drowsy moon rides high,  
The tide so still and deep  
About thy gates goes by;  
Far in the warm night sky  
The pitying stars look down  
On home and tenement, tower and wall,  
Prison and hospital, house and hall,  
The kindly moonlight softens all,—  
Over the great, gray town.





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



## STAR OF THE WEST

They come from the other lands,  
Lands of a by-gone day,  
From the rule of a tyrant's hands  
And a dream that has passed away.  
Poverty, loss, and pain,  
Ignorance, endless toil,  
Have been their measure of gain  
From a worn-out, blood-stained soil.

They have been crushed and torn;  
There has been slaughter and strife;  
Their lands are wasted and worn,  
And they need new hope and life.  
So they come where the great ship rides  
And they pray that they may have rest,  
As they follow the star that guides—  
Star of the West.

The gangway soon is crossed,  
The twilight dies away,  
The afterglow is lost,  
And the great, dim night holds sway.

Beyond the westward bar,  
The sea is dark and vast;  
But the wanderers see a Star  
That shall guide them home at last.

The liner swings from the dock,  
The Lighthouse Cape is cleared,  
She passes the last lone rock  
And her course for the West is steered  
The travellers gaze on high  
As they sail from a land oppressed,  
And they see thee afar in the sky—  
Star of the West.

Star of our steadfast dream—  
Liberty, Truth—  
Long may thy splendor gleam,  
Leading our youth.  
Bright in thy nobler sky,  
Radiant, blest,  
Guide, as the years go by,  
Star of the West.

*1914.*

## SPACE

Into the void of space,  
    Beyond the sight of our eyes,  
Telescopes barely trace  
    The nearer stars of the skies.

And beyond the feeble zone  
    Of our latest and greatest lens,  
Ultimate, vast, unknown,  
    The universe extends.

Moved by resistless force  
    Through interstellar night,  
Suns, in their ordered course,  
    Glow in majestic flight.

In the stormy abyss of space  
    Nebulæ flare and swirl;  
Comets through star-dust race,  
    Luminous meteors whirl

And flash through the starry swarm  
    Where the lights of the universe glow,

While newer planets form  
Above, around, below.

Born in terrestrial strife,  
To the law of the universe true,  
Worlds, after æons of life,  
Die—to be born anew.

Infinite endless change,  
Limitless space and time,  
Systems of world that range  
Over their course sublime:

Ever eternal life—  
Ever recurring death—  
Ever the dying strife—  
Ever the waking breath.

And little enough we know;  
Little enough we see  
Of what the worlds can show.  
Pitiful—what are we?

But this at least we find  
In the starry realms of awe:  
An all-controlling mind;  
A universal law.

1913.

## TO A COQUETTE

They said you were hard-hearted,  
And cruel and vain,  
Thinking only of your own pleasure and happiness,  
Planning your campaign of conquests  
At each ball or entertainment which you attended,  
And caring far more for the perfection of your  
delicately suggestive dress  
Than for a world of infinitely better things.  
But though many people more or less disapproved of your hard-heartedness,  
They all admitted you were beautiful  
And charming  
And alluring.  
Wherefore I desired to meet you and see for myself  
What you were like.  
I found that you were indeed a coquette—  
Apparently quite hard-hearted,

And yet there was something in your eyes and in  
your manner

That told of a warmth and tenderness

Of heart and soul

Beneath the exterior of light-hearted and trivia  
frivolity.

And one day this was proved to me;

For as we sat talking together

An old, old man, bent over with age and infirmity

Walked slowly past along the nearby road,

Tapping his walking stick on the pavement,

His head bent to see the road before him and  
guide his slow footsteps,

Though now and again he looked up to the blue  
sky and white clouds at the distant horizon

As though at something he would not see for long.

As you watched him

I saw your eyes fill with tears—

Although you tried to hide it from me,

As soon as you knew I knew,

By looking away and calling my attention to  
something in the other direction.

Soon we resumed our former carelessly happy  
conversation,

And after dinner that evening

I saw you half pause before a full-length mirror



And glance alluringly over your shoulder  
At your reflection;  
Then, seemingly satisfied, pass on to the ballroom  
Where conquests awaited you.

*1915.*

## BROKEN HEARTS

It is strange to see you unhappy,—  
You who were always so light-hearted,  
A princess among coquettes,—  
You who are so sought after and admired by all  
men.

Careless breaker of hearts,  
It is strange to see you yourself heartbroken,  
And we, whose hopes you have so lightly dashed  
aside—

We, who loved you and thought you loved us  
In days gone by,  
Sympathize with you  
And long to make you happy  
(For we have forgiven you, and worship you now  
as in the past);

And—were we able—would gladly  
Restore your lover to you.  
But this may not be, dear girl.  
You know now what pain is  
For your lover loves another girl  
Better than you.

1915.

## RIVALS

The two girls were rivals.

They had first met a week before,

And since then had only seen each other once or  
twice—at dances.

But each knew that both were beautiful—

Hence naturally rivals for the admiration of  
the young men.

When asked if the other were not attractive,

Each would say,

“Yes, she is—But why *does* she do her hair that  
way?”

Or,

“She’s quite attractive—but she would be *much*  
prettier with a different dress.”

Neither would quite admit that the other was  
absolute perfection.

Both were generally considered to be flirts—

Though kind at heart.

On one occasion at a dance

Each happened to glance over her shoulder at  
the other

Just a little bit jealously and scornfully.  
Their eyes met  
And then—they both laughed good-naturedly,  
For they understood.

*1915.*

### IF I WERE DYING

I know that if I were dying, dying,  
Nearing the dim eternal sea,  
My thoughts across the distance flying  
Swiftly would come to thee, to thee.

*1916.*

## TO A GIRL

Just to be near you, dear,  
And hold you close to me,  
And hear the whispered words  
That make my dreams come true.  
Your love and warmth and tenderness and fire  
Flame and awake my spirit with desire.  
And each caress  
Then seems to bless  
The sacredness of love's immortal plan.  
Dear heart, it is my constant hope  
That always where you are  
There I may be,  
By mountain far or dreaming sea.  
And oh my prayer may Heaven hear:  
Just to be near you, dear !

*August, 1917.*

## SHE SLEEPS

She is not dead but sleepeth,  
Softly now, lest you disturb her in her quiet  
dreaming;

She is not dead but sleepeth,  
Gently now the moonlight through the curtain  
lace is streaming.

How peaceful and serene her fair young face,  
Her eyelids closed in still, refreshing gladness!  
For with a heart so true there is no place  
For sorrow or for sadness.

She is not dead but sleepeth;  
Soon again she will awake and leave the silent  
portal

To make eternal in our dwelling place  
Our love immortal.

*August 20, 1917.*

## FOREVER YOUNG

Forever young, forever like a dream  
Of wonder-love and tenderness divine,  
My heart will always hold and worship thine  
In love undying.  
For though the years go past  
My dream of youth will last  
While time is flying.  
Forever you shall be  
The same dear heart to me  
As in those Golden Days of youth and laughter.  
For in the Land of Dreams  
Where summer sunshine gleams  
As it has been so will it be hereafter.

*August 20, 1917.*



## WORLDS IN THE MAKING

Through the endless night,  
Through the void astray;  
Limitless in flight,  
Star-dust drifts away.

Ceaseless radiation  
Whirls the dust afar;  
Ceaseless gravitation  
Forms it in a star.

Thus a world is made;  
Thus it takes its place,  
Where its course is laid  
In unending space.

*1913.*

## CHILDREN'S LAND

Come where the children play,  
There shall you know  
Dreams of another day,  
Long, long ago;  
When in the Golden Land  
Likewise you played,  
And on the Magic Sand  
Joyously strayed.

Oft from your present road,  
Dreaming—you glance  
Back to the old abode,  
As in a trance,  
And in your longing eyes,  
Softly the tears  
Tell you that bygone ties  
Hold—through the years.

Come to the Land of Dreams,  
Memory Land,  
Warmly the sunshine gleams;  
Forest and sand,

Orchard and shady grove,  
Hillside and plain—  
Call to their early love,  
Come back again.

So to the Land of Spring,  
Youthful and fair,  
Come—it will surely bring  
Rest from all care;  
Bright is the Magic Sand,  
Forest and plain—  
Come to the Children's Land,  
Dream—once again.

*1914.*

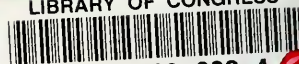








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